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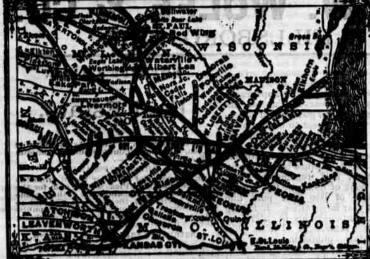
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R. R. CABLE

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Bishop Taylor, of the M. E. Church, has penetrated over 400 miles into Angola, Africa, with forty missionaries. -Dr. W. R. Harper, of Morgan Park Baptist Theological Seminary, Ill., de-clined the presidency of Chicago Uni-versity, and accepted the chair of Ori-ental Languages in Yale College.

—The State Superintendent of Schools of Vermont has carried the Arbor Day idea to an extreme by recommending that hereafter the scholars plant willows around the school buildings. Schoolboys will scarcely be such fools.—
Omaha. Herald.

—The Primitive Methodists of England have sent out Rev. R. W. Burnett to take charge of their mission work at Fernando Po, in Western Africa, from which their former missionary was expelled by the Portugese. He hopes they will allow him more freedom of worship.

-It was stated at a recent Weslevan missionary anniversary at Bristol, Eng., that native gentlemen in Ceylon send their daughters to the same schools with Christian girls and allow them to board in the same houses. Caste rules evidently are not as strong there as in other parts of India.

-One sultry Sunday a minister no commend them as good and sound."—N. Y. In-

-George W. Gilmour, of New York D. A. Bunker, of Ohio, and H. B. Hurlbert, of Vermont, have been nominated by Commissioner Eaton, of the National Bureau of Education, to introduce the English language and American methods of teaching at the request of the Corean Government. During their two years' residence in Corea they will be paid by the Corean Government.

be paid by the Corean Government.

The public school building at Cold Spring, Long Island, was built ninety-six years ago, and is still in good repair. It was raised on the 23d day of April, 1790. On that day George Washington was returning from a tour of the island, and while passing from Huntington to Oyster Bay Cove he came upon the spot where the new school house was being raised. He stopped, and, after assisting to place one of the ratters in position, left one dollar with which to treat the workmen and drove on.—

N. Y. Tribune.

A newspaper in Maine quotes some reports of "deestrick school" com-mitteemen, which read like those of half a century ago. One such is: "Miss Abram did not allow the children to Abram did not allow the children to make any noise, and made but little herself, moving her pupils around as old Dea. Drinkwater did his oxen—by the snap of her finger." Another school "made fair progress, some scholars getting ahead of their own accord and others being dragged along. Strap oil properly applied might have helped the matter." "Birch oil" is the lubricant which "made things run smooth" at another school. mooth" at another school.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Nantasket beach was strewn with hingles the other morning, the result probably of a spanking breeze.—Com-mercial Bulletin.

-He-"If you had the sense of donkey you would listen to me." She-"I fear I should, my dear."—Harper's

-We'll give eleven dollars for the sight of the boy ten years old who can get out of bed in the morning and find his hat and shoes without half an hour's hunt.—Exchange.

-A writer says that "melancholy is another name for tough." It may sound less harsh to call a beefsteak melancholy, but the word doesn't seem to describe its condition so truthfully.

-We think it neither fair nor proper to make ballet girls the subject of newspaper witticisms. Respect and consideration should always be shown for elderly people, whatever their sta-tion.—Lowell Cilizen.

-Johnny had commenced the study of Latin. "Ma, what's hic?" he asked, or lates.

turning from the book to the cat. "Ask
your father, child. That is an expression with which he is very familiar."—

—Bachelor friend (to recently mar-ried man)—"Why this dejection, dear boy? Have you suffered a disappoint-ment?" "Yes—my wife can not sing." "Why, that should not distress you. I think you are to be congratulated." "Ah, but she thinks she can."

-The Trouble with Him .-

When you see a business man look mela with haggard face and dull, complaining It's not because of billousness or colle; The trouble is he doesn't advertise.

-- Utica Observer. -An illustrated paper of Cincinnati travel among the various tribes of In-dians and write descriptions of them. Probably on the principle that Musick hath charms to soothe the savage

—Innocent Mother.—"Who is this Mrs. Up I overheard the boys speaking of last night in their room?" Indifferent Father—"Never heard of her." Innocent Mother-"I think she must be an old colored woman who does their washing. They always speak of her as Auntie Up."—Boston Post.

-"I really can't sing, believe me, -"I really can't sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty fop. "I am rather inclined to believe, madam," he rejoined, with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments." "No, sir," exclaimed the lady, "I never fish in so shallow a stream."—Chicago Ledger.

"Mary Ann, did yez get that job yez answered the advertisement fur in the papers as a lady's wash lady?" "Faix, I donno, Mrs. McGinty; me social engagements has previnted me from callin on the parties. But I sint them me kyard de wisite, as they calls it, and I expects to hear by Chewstay." —Rambler.

A Diminutive Engine.

Charles Cox, a jeweler of Salem re., has constructed a steam engine nside the wreath on a one dollar gold piece. Its weight is two pennyweight and six grains, and the length of the stroke is sixteen hundredths of an inch. The length of the valve stroke is three hundredths of an inch. and the machine when run by steam is capable of five thousand revolutions per minute. It is now run by compressed air. The cylinder and bright work is gold-plated, and the little thing is quite a curiosity in its way.—Oregonian.

Itated.

"Excuses are useless, air. Apologies man for kissing a girl on the forehead when her lips were in easy reach and entirely unengaged at the time. Go, der and bright work is gold-plated, and the little thing is quite a curiosity in its way.—Oregonian.

It was plain to see by his looks and actions that he had no idea of purchasing a lawn-mower. He might, possibly, have been argued into buying two papers of tacks for five cents, or a summer thermometer at slaughter prices, but it wasn't likely that he even had a lawn to mow. And yet he came to a sudden halt before a hardware store, slid up to three or four specimen mowers on exhibition, and a minute later he was making a close examina-

"Good morning. We have a few left, but they are going like hot cakes."

The man seized the handle of one of the mowers and pushed the machine back and forth.

"Any child can run it," observed the clerk, "and you notice that it makes no more noise than a sewing machine. The man upset the machine on its back and spent three minutes investi-

gating.

Nothing to get out of order, sir,"
continued the clerk as he bowed to a
good-looking woman. "We warrant
this machine for two years, and will replace any part that breaks.

The man stood the mach

The man stood the machine up on one wheel and squinted and examined ome more.
"Cuts through the heaviest grass and cuts closer than any other machine

made. We are willing to let you have it for a week on trial. The man counted the places for oil-ing the bearings. There were four of

"Over eighteen thousand of these machines were sold last year," said the clerk, as he menaced a dog with a hoe-handle. "It has taken more first class premiums than any other ma-

the chespest."

The man pushed the machine a few feet away from him, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and seemed about to whistle, but he didn't." "I can give you a list of two hundred and thirty prominent citizens who have used them," said the clerk, as he firted

with a woman on a passing street car. "Don't be deceived into buying an inferior machine. The lawns of the no-bility of England are mowed with this

The man suddenly advanced and seized the handle of the machine.

"This machine sharpens itself, and the only care needed is to oil it now and then. Those who have used them the longest would not part with them for double the cost price."

The machine was pushed and pulled.
"We not only guarantee the machine but the price shall be made perfectly satisfactory," said the clerk, as he waved off a boot-black. "What is the use of paying twenty dollars for a lawn mower which will get out of order in half an hour? Beware of base impations. There are machines in this sending home by an express wagon. Islands is certain to be exceedingly lu-Let me have your number and I will crative to all concerned. To repeat send this one up on trial. If it doesn't the old French joke, he must not lie in

but he had been gone a minute and a half.—Detroit Free Press.

FUNERAL EXPENSES.

A Clergyman's Sensible Advice to Sami

In connection with the subject of funerals, I would like to make a suggestion to all who, through a sad necessity, may become interested. It is the custom, of course, where death occurs in a family to send at once for an undertaker. If there be no male relative to make a business of the matter, the suggestions of the undertaker are listened to and assented to by but left to the judgment of the under-taker. The undertaker, however kind and sympathetic, knows but little of the financial affairs of the family, and his thoughts running naturally in the business line of getting up a nice funeral, he selects and brings up a rather expensive coffin or sarcophagus—probably one that costs sixty or eighty dollars. Its price scares the family, but it has been "ordered," and "is there, and can't be helped." And the straitened family finds that the payment of it, together with all the other expenses incident to sickness and death, becomes as great a weight upon becomes as great a weight upon their hearts as is the earth upon the form of their dear one in his grave. This is no fancy picture. But let it be understood that there are in every understood that there are in every undertaking establishment in this city not only those modern abominations called "caskets," made of iron, or of chemically-steeped boards to imitate iron, but also "rose-wood" coffins, light in weight and very beautiful, for prices from seventeen to thirty dollars. My suggestion is, to all families, that, when death enters among them, they -at any cost of feeling -make the ex-penses of the burial a personal and business matter, and thus avoid sorrow upon sorrow.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-

The Tongue in Disease. A white-coated tongue indicates febrile disturbance; a brown moist tongue indicates disordered digestion or overloaded prime viæ; a brown dry tongue indicates depressed vitality, as in typhoid conditions and blood-poisoning; a red moist tongue indicates de-bility, as from exhausting discharges; a red dry tongue indicates pyrexia, or any inflammatory fever; a "strawberry" any inflammatory fever; a "strawberry" tongue with prominent papillas indicates searlet fever or rotheln; a red glazed tongue indicates debility, with want of assimilative power of digestion; a tremulous, flabby tongue indicates delirium tremens; hesitancy in protruding the tengue indicates concussion of the brain; protrusion at one side indicates paralysis of the muscles of that side.—Scientific American.

A Serious Mistake.

Dr. Sundel is a young man with a new girl, and the other evening, in a bit of enthusiasm, he made a dive at her and kissed her on the forehead. "What do you mean, sir?" she said,

indignantly.
"I beg your pardon—I—I—" he hes-

FLOATING A COMPANY.

How English Pinancial Agents Effect the

were formerly called promoters of companies, but who have of late years assumed the more sounding title of financial agents. Let us suppose that to one of these gentlemen there occurs the happy thought of starting a Fiji Island tramway company. He loser no time in putting his scheme into shape, and the following may be taken as a fair example of how he carries out his intentions. His first work is to get together a board of directors, and this supposing he has had a fair business experience, is not so difficult as might at first be supposed. Together with the financial agent another class of men has been called into existence by the great extension of the joint stock company system. The gentlemen who help with their names the floating of such enterprises form a distinct class of themselves, and are termed "guines pigs," most probably from the fact of each ordinary director receiving a guines for each meeting he attends. In order to be considered of any value as director of a company a guinea pig ought to have a handle to his name. A Lord, a Baronet or even a Knight is looked upon as unexceptionable, and may almost command his own price: may almost command his own price: for it is not to be supposed that a director is to work for nothing. His value, like most other things, varies with the quality of the article. A Peer who has a soat in the Upper House will probably not allow his name to appear on a prospectus under £300 to £400 a year, besides some 50 or 100 fully paid-up shares. And he is worth the money. shares. And he is worth the The financial agents are well aware that when a Peer of the realm is secured and heads the list of directors, the most difficult part of the task is aclow as a matter of course. The next step is to write or to get some one to write—for the promoter has generally a soul above literary composition that portion of the prospectus begin-ning "The object for which this com-pany is formed." and so on. This is quickly accomplished. There are certain gentlemen who describe them-selves as connected with the press whose specialty is to compose these prospectuses. The charge for such a document varies from two to live guineas, and they are cheap, even at the latter price. There is, perhaps, no kind of writing which requires more

skill than this. In the case of the "Fiji tramway company" the writer must make it appear that no undertaking so purely philanthropical, or so sure to cause so much prosperity to Fiji, has

ment or private enterprise; while at the same time he must, as it were, allow to escape from his pen the fact that a tramway company in the Fiji The clerk turned to look for the man the truth. The prospectus written, and the officials, such as secretary, solicitors, bankers, etc., chosen, an ex-

long advertisements in the leading daily there and elsewhere. But here also modern enterprise comes to the help of the promoter and sees him over difficulty, which to an outsider might seem almost insurmountable. -- Chambers' Journal.

BIRD HOUSEKEEPING.

truggles for a Nest Between Little

The bluebirds early took possession and in June their first brood had flown The wrens had been hanging around the widow and the orphan. The sub- swidently with an eye on the place (such ject of the cost grates so harshly upon the ear of the afflicted ones that cost where), and now very naturally thought and prices are not much talked over, it was their turn. A day or two after the young bluebirds had flown, I noticed some fine, dry grass clinging to and bedding being pitched out-of-doors, and had thereupon given the wrens to understand in the most emphatic man-ner that he had no intention of vacating the premises so early in the season. Day after day, for more than two weeks, the male bluebird had to clear his premises of these intruders. It occu-pied much of his time and not a little of mine, as I sat with a book in a sum mer-house near by, laughing at his pretty fury and spiteful onset. On two occasions the wren rushed under the chair in which I sat, and a streak of chair in which I sat, and a streak of blue lightning almost flashed in my very face. One day, just as I had passed the tree in which the cavity was placed, I heard the wren scream desperately; turning, I saw the little vagabond fall into the grass with the wrathful bluebird fairly upon him; the latter had returned just in time to catch him, and was evidently bent on punishing him well. But in the squabble in the grass, the wren escaped and took refuge in the friendly evergreen. The bluebird paused for a moment with outstretched wings looking for the fugitive, then flew away. A ing for the fugitive, then flew away. A score of times during the month of June did I see the wren taxing every energy to get away from the bluebird. He would dart into the stone wall, under the floor of the summer-house, into the weeds—anywhere to hide his diminished head. The bluebird with his bright coat looked like a policeman in uniform in pursuit of some wicked, rusty little street gamin. Generally the favorite house of refuge of the wrens was the little spruce, into which their pursuer made no attempt to follow them. The female would sit concealed amid the branches chattering in

their pursuer made no attempt to follow them. The female would sit concealed amid the branches, chattering in a scolding, fretful way, while the male. with his eye upon his tormentor, would perch on the topmost shoot and sing. Why he sang at such times, whether in triumph and derision, or to keep his courage up and reassure his mate, I could not make out. When his song was suddenly cut short and I glanced to see him dart down into the spruce, my eye usually caught a twinkle of my eye usually caught a twinkle of blue wings hovering near. The wrens finally gave up the fight, and their enemies reared their second brood in peace."—John Burroughs, in Century.

-The Bartholdi statue at New York -The Barthold statue at New York is to be lighted at night by a shaft-light from a torch which will be seen ninety miles out at sea, and therefore long before any lighthouse on the coast, and also by four large lights at the base of the statue.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

There exists in the city of London a list crown of light that giorifies the day.

There was a list of men who moved the common of the common o To thrill the breast of man with living

Once can not move him with her iron arms.
Or pluck his flaming brand of light away.
Death can not seize his throne with loy paims.
Or steal his beauty from the clasp of day.
Pale sorrow can not dim him with her tears.
Or grieve him with the tale of perished yours.

They smile, and looking up with holy eyes.
They view him in the spiender of his might.
And praise the power that placed him in
the skies.
Knowing his brightness clothes them with
their charms.
They bloom their lives away in Beauty's
arms.

Thrive from Thy goodness through my life's short hour.
Thy smiles, like manna sweet, my hunger freed,

And on my life's frail stem, my soul-poo flower— Looks up with trust to Thine eternal grace, Rejoiding in the sunlight of Thy face.

The rains have beaten me, yet I have felt
Thy peace draw near and soothe away my
fears.
And I have seen my tears in rainbows melt,
Beneath Thy gentle love that warms and
choers.

Oh, make me strong, and fill my days with trust!
Oh, teach my trembling soul to cling to Thee,
For this first life whose blossom falls to dust Must sow its seed in immortality.
Help this poor weed to bloom with loveller birth
When its first petals fade upon the earth!

My life hath hopes that with glad voices call Like angels hidden in this heart of mine. Thy will be done! Yet let not darkness fall When bushed with trust their carnest faces shine!
And teach me not to hold one longing dear
Whose joy to me would be another's tear!

Just Lord! my sun, immortal, pure and bright!

Hear this the pleading of a life that grows Not from itself, but Thee, its day, its light, And all its being to Thy bounty owes!

Teach me to bear the fruit Thou lovest best, To live and die and wake upon Thy breast!

—Ernest W. Shurilef, in Youth's Companion.

International Sunday-School Lesso

BORROWING TROUBLE.

The Predisposition to Carry Unne Americans are famous for their predisposition to worry. While not famoans and shrivels and shrinks, exhausting physical powers that would much better be used in furling sail and getting the ship in good order to meet the coming storm; or, if every thing is done, then better store up the physica and spiritual strength necessary to en-dure the storm and its possible outomes. Many who claim the faith that

culties Not that there are not grand souls who endure; natures that never bow before any storm except in the spirit of

would remove mountains must use the

faith to remove some one's else mount-

ain, for frequently we see them buried under the mole-hills of their own diffi-

worry.

Then there are those who will not a just themselves to the inevitable conditions that surround them. They are conevery possible opportunity for growth and strength in your own life. Nothfor me." Circumstances are the wave in the sea of life; if a man is swamped

The Joy and Strength Which Come from Christian Work.

Life is made up of eating and drinking, working and sleeping. Food, labor and rest occupy nearly all our time and all our thought. It is not strange, then, that our Lord,

who illustrated his teachings from the commonest things of life, should have much to say of these our constant occupations. Sleep is forbidden to the command is "Watch, therefore; for at such a time as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." So the toil of work is the basis of frequent parables. The Christian life is outlivating a vineyard, or it is trading with talents, or it is reaping a harvest and receiving wages.

But more frequently does our Lord use the figure of food and drink. He is Himself the bread of life — that true bread that came down from Heaven. He gives equally the water of life. To Him the thirsty ones come; and he is within them a fountain of water, springing up to everlasting life. The two are combined, and we are told that it is only as we both eat and drink of Him that we have life abiding in us. Doubtless the food and the drink of

Doubtless the food and the drink of-fered us is generally the instruction on which we grow into a noble Christian life. That is what was offered to the Samaritan woman to whom Jesus of-fered the living water which would make her thirst no more. When she asked for it He taught her how to wor-ship God; He told her what were her sins; He then told her that He was the Messiah and Saviour. She drank the water; she believed on Him; she went and carried the water to her towns-men, and they drank and believed for her word and for the Master's.

For us the food we seek from Christ

is His word of instruction and promise. Christ Himself did not need instruction; but He tells us He needed food, and His food was of a different kind. 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of," He said to them; and when they wondered what it was, He surprised them by telling them it was work.

The two, in his case, are one—the food and the work. "My meat," said He, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to accomplish His work." and to accomplish His work." So, in Him, the two great occupations, the cating and the working, are one. We need strength for work; He found strength in work. We must be encouraged for toil and endurance by remembering His promises and rejoicing in His redemption. He found the very endurance and toil for the Father a refreshment to His soul. He for on its freshment to His soul. He fed on it. He delighted in it. Nothing could weary Him of it or tempt Him from it. The satisfaction we take in food, He found in work. So He called His. disciples and taught them; He called the multitudes and repeated to them His parables, and healed their sick. He

went about doing good.

There have been ages of the Christian Church in which taking food, giving one's self to prolonged prayer, receiving Christ's instructions, meditations. receiving Christ's instructions, meditating on His love, and delighting one's self in His character have properly occupied a great part of the time given to the religious life. In this way the saint found strength to work. The times have changed, perhaps. This is an age which has discovered that there is so much work to do that there is little time left for meditation. Perhaps we too like Christ may be allowed to we, too, like Christ, may be allowed to find it to be our mest to do the will of Him that has sent us, and to accom-plish His work. If we take the work on us to accomplish, we are surprised disposition to worry. While not famous as athletes, it is well known that a large majority of them are ever ready to meet trouble half way. Obstacles and possible troubles that are great mountains in the future frequently prove but mole-hills in the present. The first shadows of possible troubles are portentious with the direst calamities, and the imaginative look-out the same and the imaginative look-out the same accomplish, we are surprised to find what a joy and strength we get out of it. Work gives strength for work. The Christian who has, this past season, seen the harvest white, and has thrust in the sickle and gathered sheaves, has found it a deep and holy joy. The work done has encouraged him to do more. He will not want again to sleep in the daytime. Reading God's Word has helped him; prayer has helped him; but what him; prayer has helped him; but what has helped him so much, what has given him so much strength and courage, as seeing his labor not in vain in the Lord? Then laboring is praying; for work is meat, and we are brought into fellowship with Him whose dis-ciples could not yet understand it that, when sitting weary and hungry with His journey, He should have refreshed Himself by praching to a proor single. Himself by preaching to a poor, sinful woman the gospel of His messiahship and the spiritual worship of the Father.

—N. Y. Independent.

IMMORTALITY.

Is There Not for Man Another Exists in Which He May Realize the Unattain

All but man reach their highest de-

velopment here. The beast lies down to tions that surround them. They are continually seeing how different their lives would have been if only they had the other person's opportunity. The secret of life is not in being the other man, but in being yourself, getting and giving every nossible connections. fied, the best powers undeveloped; dies hungering-dies growing. His ing shows more clearly the mental weakness of a person than the excuse for deterioration, material or spiritual that "I have not had a chance;" that "circumstances have been too much for me." Circumstances are the prossible progress by the actual achievement of man. Open your Genachievement of man. Open your Genin the sea of life; if a man is swamped by them, it is evident that he had not learned how to manage his life when these waves were met.

Every one must meet his life under its own conditions. These may be a helpful wind, causing one to sail along in the line of success, or they may be heavy anchors, apparent drags and clogs to progress. If these last must be borne, is it not wisest and best to carry them as unconciously as possible, doing the work that comes into play, and not consider results and the possible success that this same life would have if only these apparent hindrances were not a part of it?

Resistance to existing conditions that esis, and of all the oreatures whom the hindrances were not a part of it?

Resistance to existing conditions that one has no power or right to alter is childish. The tramp has time to sit on a fence and kick against the thorns by the roadside. The man pursuing the same road, but with a purpose, has not time to waste, and ignores the thorns to carpet the floor of his skin to carpet the floor of his dwelling; at his word the alenhant heads. to carpet the floor of his dwelling; at his word the elephant kneels. He flies as far as possible. The more important his errand, the more intense through the air, dives like a fish into his interest, the less time he has to notice trifles. "It is hard for thee to what no fish ever dreamt of—lays his kick against the pricks." The pricks cables along the beds where the world, fired by the most intense seal, "knecks down great walls with could prevent the triumph of God's intense seal, "knecks down great walls with could prevent the triumph of God's intense seal, "knecks down great walls with could prevent the triumph of God's intense seal, "knecks down great walls with could prevent the triumph of God's intense of gunpowder," and honey-combine to make the could be the country of purpose in the world.

So with our lives; we can sit down and kick against the pricks, or we can so adjust ourselves to them that we make them a part of our purpose of working out eternal good.—Christian Union.

FOOD, LABOR AND REST.

combs immemorial mountains to make a path for his trains to pass! Yes, but he dies—withers like a leaf. With great ideas crowding his brain, great plans unfulfilled, great songs unsung, priceless experience hoarded with care, and with the harvest of years unused, he dies as the worm dies—dies with his best thoughts unuttered. As there in for the tropical plant a tropical land, for the tropical plant a tropical land, where it may grow in the open, grow upward to the sun, grow to its full beauty, stature and fruitage—is there not for men a human world? Must we

—There is nothing in life one-half so sweet as to think of God. The hand feels after Him in the dark, grasps a thousand things and relinguishes them

ever dwell in the world of brutes, subject to their decay, mingling with their dust?—Rev. J. M. Gilbon.